

RUTLAND HERALD
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ADVERTISING.
Advertisements conspicuously inserted for
one dollar per square for three weeks; ten-
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each subsequent insertion.

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Saddles, Harnesses, Trunks, Valises Car-
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(Shop over Robbins' Store)
Rutland, Vt.

Jack Tar's Idea of a Locomotive. "Why
blat the thing?" says he, "there's nothing
ship-shape above-board or manly about it.
Watch a ship now, with her canvass belly-
ing out, laying down to it just enough to
show she feels the breeze, tossing the spray
from her bows, and lifting her head over the
seas as if she stepped over 'em, there's
something like life there. There's some-
thing noble about a horse; he steps as if he
knew he was going, and was proud of be-
ing able to do it. But that lubber-bait!
that concern comes insinuating speak-
ing along—crawling on his belly, like a
thundering long snake—with a pipe in his
mouth."

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS. "Dad," said
an incipient legislator to his indulgent pa-
rent, who had gratified him with a visit to
the galleries of the capitol, "say do you see
any row going on? I don't." "No!"
said the astonished father, "of course not—
Why did you ask?" "Cause the man in
the big desk says the eyes have it, and just
now he said the nose had it, so I thought
there was some fun down there some-ers!"

Filled and Sunk.—"So poor Miss Prim
is dead dead at last!"
"O yes, poor critter, she couldn't bear to
hear how Doctor Squibbs was a sliding up
to widow Wimple; so she just filled with
grief and sunk under it—she did!"
"Poor unfortunate creature! How does
my new cap look?"

The old remark of John Neal that he
never knew a man to fly into a passion im-
mediately after putting on a clean shirt,
having been recently revived, the editor of
the U. S. Gazette admits the truth as the
philosophy of the observation, but adds that
he has frequently seen a man fall into a
horrid state of excitement if, after getting on
the garment, he found a button missing.

A simple servant boy one evening
went up to the drawing room on the bell's
being rung. When he returned to the
kitchen, he laughed immoderately. Some
of the servants asking the cause of his mirth,
he cried, "What do you think? there were
sixteen of them who would not sniff the
candles, and were obliged to send for me
to do it!"

"Genius will always work its way
through," as the poet said when he saw a
hole in the elbow of his coat.

RUTLAND HERALD.

BY GEO. H. BEAMAN.

RUTLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1846.

Vol. 52—No. 31.

HOPE.

BY MISS FRANCES L. RUDE.

O! Leaf-born Hope, sweet sylph of the soul,
Beathe forth thy music to each mourning
heart,
Fling back the veil that shadows it in gloom,
And to the plumless soul sweet dreams impart.

We know thee by thy ever joyous strain,
We know the rosy girl thou dost wear;
Thy smile hath oft allured us on our way,
And cheered the fainting heart when worn
with care.

Bright spirit come! descend from yonder
skies,
We love to hear the rushing of thy wings,
Bring, bring thy harp, with rosy garlands
twined.

And pour rich music from its golden strings.
Yes, bring thine harp; it hath the mystic
power,
To send the life-blood bounding through the
heart.

To wreath the smile on sorrow's faded
cheek,
And bid the shadow from the soul depart.

We know thee by thy ever radiant eyes,
We know the rainbow vesture thou dost wear;
Soft music floats around thy fairy feet,
And flow'rs, fresh flow'rs, are twined within
thy hair.

Yes, come sweet seraph, from thy home
above,
The spirit yearns to hear thy soothing strain;
For thou wilt sing of golden moments still,
Of joyous hours that yet may come again.

Wallingford, Aug. 4, 1846.

From the New Hampshire Telegraph.

NEW HAMPSHIRE IS FREE.

BY JOHN H. WARLAND.

An Eagle came down from his eyrie high,
Mid the cliffs where he proudly soared,
And his eye flashed bright, in the dawning
light.

Like the gleam of a warrior's sword.
"Never more," he cried, never more, never
more
Shall the owls and bats here be—
They are birds of the night, unused to the
light.

And New Hampshire is henceforth free.

He stood by a stream where the aspens
hummed,
And the waters foamed and roared;
And his pinions he shook, as a glance he took
At the treasures around him poured.

Cried he, "all health shall bloom, and
wealth shall come
And labor shall smile to see
Her children all happy and glad once more,
For New Hampshire is free—is free!"

The Eagle poised on his glorious wings
High over a farm house near,
And he arched his neck as the farmer
saw,
Who welcomed him with his cheer.

"Now reap and sow, and be cheerful again,
And work like the busy bee—
For your prayer is heeded, for the day is come
Where New Hampshire is free—is free!"

When above the State House high he soared,
When the old gilt eagle shone—
But, oh, how weak was his brazen beak
Beside the strength of his own.

"Never more," he cried, "never more, never
more
Shall the birds of prey here be—
Truth, Honor and Faith to his temple shall
come—
For New Hampshire is free—is free!"

As upward and onward the Eagle flew—
The artisan pail sang—
And the cars whistled by, while "onward for
aye!"

Was the song of their flaming tongue—
"And onward for aye, was the Eagle's cry,
Evermore your watchword be!
For your prayer is heeded, said the noble
bird,
And New Hampshire is free—is free!"

From the Matamoros Flag.

MONTREY.

As the army of occupation has commen-
ced its advance upon the interior of Mexi-
co by pursuing the Rio Grande up as high
as Camargo, both by land and water, and
as this will be the place where a perman-
ent depot will be established, and from
which the advancing army will leave the
Rio Grande when it takes up its general
march upon Monterey, it will naturally
hold a conspicuous place in the estimation
of the American people. Camargo is situ-
ated immediately upon the banks of the San
Juan river, three miles from its junction
with the Rio Grande. It is a small, riv-
er-constructed village, with some few stone
buildings, many built of mud bricks dried
in the sun, some constructed by driving
stakes into the ground and then plastering
them with mud, and others formed of cane
and plastered in like manner. The num-
ber of inhabitants will not exceed two thou-
sand, but as the Mexican government has
never thought her population worthy of
enumeration, no positive statement can be
made of the population of any of their towns.

The late extraordinary rise of the Rio
Grande has caused the San Juan to back
up and literally inundate Camargo, to the
great damage of houses and other property,
also to the sacrifice of several lives.

Camargo may be considered the head of
navigation, as above here the bed of
the river is so filled up with rocks that its
navigation higher up has never been
attempted. The road, upon leaving Cam-
argo and crossing the San Juan, becomes
higher, and less obstructed by swampy
grounds, and it then becomes an important
inquiry what other obstacles may present
themselves in the distance between this
place and Monterey, which is two hundred
and ten miles. The road passes through a
level country, thickly set with small under-
wood, the largest timber being ebony and
mosquito, neither of which grow to the
height of more than twelve or fifteen feet,
and twelve or fourteen inches in diameter.

So dense is this undergrowth that armies
of 10,000 men each might march for half
a day within a mile of each other, without

the vicinity of one to the other being known.

The literal meaning of Monterey is the
King's Woods, but to those who have been
raised in a heavy timbered country, it
would seem more appropriate to call it a
grove of brush. It is a compact saying
with Texans who have travelled through
this forest, that "it's so d-d thick you can't
shove a bowie knife into it." And what
may appear singular, every bush and shrub
is armed with thorns, curved in the shape
of fishhooks, and the hold they take upon
the clothes and skin of travellers is not eas-
ily shaken off, as the jackets of the soldi-
ery will testify to before they reach Mon-
terey.

The whole distance is well watered from
August until March, plenty of wood, roas-
table pasture, many herds of cattle, nu-
merous flocks of sheep and goats, now and
then a small village, which all have the
appearance of decay. Scattered along the
road are miserable huts, singularly pic-
tesque from their original construction, not
quite equal to rail pen stables built in the
backwoods of Arkansas and Texas for
scrub ponies. Yet nature, in her mighty
formations, has formed some positions on
this road, which, if taken advantage of by
a skilful and daring enemy, would prove a
second Thermopylae to those who might
have the temerity to tread these formi-
dable passes. The American army will un-
doubtedly look ahead before entering these
dangerous and shady pavilions. The ma-
zies of their labyrinth are beautifully pic-
tured out by meandering paths and con-
flicting cross roads, leading to some farmer's
hut, some mowing place, or the wily lure
of some Mexican bandit.

Within fifteen leagues of Monterey the
village of Caidere presents itself, enjoying
the most lovely situation, standing upon a
perfectly level plain, surrounded with green
groves, presenting everlasting summer, the
fields blessed with maral fertility. The
beholder involuntarily exclaims: Why
should a Mexican toil for labor?

It is not indispensable that the army
should pass through Caidere, as there are
other roads by which Monterey can be ap-
proached, but we mention this route as sup-
plies can be obtained in Caidere, and the
direction is nearest a straight line. Imme-
diately upon leaving this place you enter
again these shady winding pavilions, and
continue in them until within sight of Mon-
terey. Many little streams and rivulets in-
tersect the road, and some muddy lanes,
which at times become impassable, so that
the army will be fortunate if able to pro-
ceed in files of six deep; but, as the near-
vicinity to Monterey is somewhat opened,
owing to the many fields, a small digres-
sion might be made to the right, and in-
tersect the road that comes from the mouth of
the San Juan at Camargo, and so reach the
road of the two. The creek that washes
the southeast side of Monterey runs be-
tween those two roads, the fields forming a
border on either side. The road that leads
from Caidere, when within a mile of Mon-
terey, has the appearance of a small
village, the houses being so numerous.

Passing through this seeming village, and
arriving upon the bank of the creek, you
have Monterey in view on the opposite
side, presenting a very handsome appear-
ance. The city is regularly laid out, the
streets, avenues, and squares are shaded
with numerous fruit and other trees, and
the houses generally exhibiting much taste
and regularity in their construction. The
city is well watered, and every thing about
it strikes the beholder as grand and beau-
tiful. A passing view of the city would
convey the idea of a large population, but a
close inspection will show its large, cas-
tle-like edifices, sometimes occupying a whole
square, sheltering but the members and
servants of a single family; therefore, from
observation, we should not give the city a
population of more than six thousand souls,
and it is doubtful whether it is even so
great.

Cast the eye beyond Monterey, and the
sublime presents itself in lofty, upreared
pyramids of adamantine stone, tinged with
a crimson red, where the creeping vine can-
not be found, and where the cedar and pine
—children of the Alpine heights—have
never dared to rear their heads—the sides
and summits of these vast mountains presen-
ting nothing to view but the bare and glis-
tering stones, but in whose bosom lie con-
cealed shining beds of the purest silver, and
sparkling beds of virgin gold.

In the mid-way distance rises numerous
table mountains, commanding the town and
all the entrances from the north-east. Up-
on one of these commanding positions the
devoted people endeavored to raise a temple
or dwelling for their bishop, but their zeal
was greater than their means, and the struc-
ture remains unfinished. If the Mexicans
could withstand the death-dealing havoc of
an American charge, here they might plant
the colors of their unfortunate country, and
reap some of the laurels awarded to Leon-
as, or perhaps faintly portray in miniature,
the dazzling chivalry of those devoted her-
oes who fell bathing upon the ramparts of
the ever-to-be remembered Alamo.

The main road passes through the prin-
cipal streets of the city, from north to south
and as you leave the last houses, the road
begins to ascend, and passes along at the
foot of many of those table mountains. The
river runs upon the east side of the town,
the houses extending down to its very mar-
gin. Upon the west side, rise perpendicular
mountains, one mile in height.

PARADES AND HIS WIFE.

A letter to the New Orleans Com-
mercial Times contains the following statements
with regard to the history and character of
Parades, the President of the Mexican Re-
public:

"Authentic rumors reached Matamoros
yesterday, that Parades would certainly be
at Monterey, to avenge the defeats of the
8th and 9th of May. He is a brave man,
enterprising, stubborn, and with much of

the prestige belonging to the high personal
powers in the field. He is a natural son of
Mira by a priest, who alone both in field
and church as a man of courage, genius
and resolution of purpose, in the war of
1812. He has transmitted most of these
virtues to his son, and if he ever finds
himself at the head of a body of Mexican
troops, he will give us battle."

To this, the Savannah Republican, adds
an interesting description of the wife of
Parades.

"Parades is not however, more remark-
able as a soldier than his wife a heroine—
A Captain in the American Navy, well
and favorably known in this city, who is
immediately acquainted with the Mexican
President, informs us that his wife is re-
markable for her great coolness in danger
as well as her unwavering devotion to
Parades. She always accompanies the ar-
my on horseback, and on several occasions
has been known to dress her husband's
wounds with her own hands on the field
of battle."

SCENES ON OUR WHARF YESTERDAY.

We have never seen in this city such a
spectacle as was witnessed yesterday on our
wharf. About 14 o'clock the first regiment
composed principally of our citizens ar-
rived there and landed a line in front of the
storehouse then in readiness to convey them
to the Rio Grande. The whole wharf was
lined from block to block with citizens who
from friendship, acquaintance or curiosity
had been drawn thither. The sun shone
with unusual heat upon the multitude, but
none headed it. Just before where we stood
were some fifty females, some just budding
into womanhood, others older and more
perfect shape, while those of a mature age
were looking on with more gravity and less
excitement. We soon saw that these fe-
males each, and all, had relatives or sweet
hearts in this regiment, and they had come
down to take a last, lingering farewell of
them as they passed. It was a very solemn
scene, and we noticed the tears fall plentiful-
ly at the words "good bye," on numerous
occasions. At length a fine young came
opposite a lovely—a truly interesting girl.
She threw her arms around his neck ex-
claiming frantically, "George! George!"
I may never see you again." The noble
fellow kissed her again and again, exclaiming,
"God bless you!" and then pushed her
swooning into the arms of another, and
regained his place in the ranks.

Another rather green looking boy
was passing he saw his mother, who had
stood uncovered in the sun until her face
was red as fire to bid him adieu. On see-
ing her he said "Good bye mamma! Good
bye, Zach! But will look for ye back," said
he forever.

The enthusiasm the women displayed
in taking leave of their friends yesterday
outrid anything we ever saw or ever ex-
pect to see. There they stood in squads—
the hot sun pouring down, to bid the de-
fenders of their country, and in many in-
stances their dearest friends a long adieu. Many
scenes were very affecting, and showed the
true feelings of the country for war as well
as friends.—Cincinnati Daily Commercial
July 2nd.

Matrimonial.—The captain of a ship
had laid in a basket of claret for his own
table. After being some time at sea, as he
was overhauling his cabin stores, he found
more bottles were missing than he could re-
member of having used. While reflecting
upon the subject, it occurred to him that
probably the cabin boy was the cause of the
deficiency. To ascertain the truth of his
suspicion, he concealed himself in the stor-
eroom, and waited until the time for prepar-
ing dinner. The boy soon came in, and
having arranged the table, went to the bas-
ket, took out a bottle, and said, "Jean von
Dorston, born in Rotterdam, intends mar-
riage with Miss Robins Claret, born in Bur-
gundy. Notice is hereby given for the
first, second and third times; if no man ap-
pears to forbid the bans, the ceremony will
immediately take place." The roguish fel-
low thereupon placed the bottle to his mouth
drained it and cast it out at the window.

The captain said nothing, but after dinner
went upon deck, provided himself with a
good rope's end, and called the boy to him.
"Jean," said he, "I've got something inter-
esting to tell: I'm going to have you mar-
ried."

"S-o," ejaculated Jean, casting an
anxious glance at the rope's end, "have me
married captain?" "Yes. Now listen &
see that it is done according to law." The
captain elevated his voice so as to be heard
all over the ship, and cried, "Know all men
that Jean von Dorston, born in Rotterdam,
intends marriage with Miss Barbara Ropes,
and if no man appears to forbid the bans,
the ceremony will immediately take place." Hereupon the jolly sailor raised his arm to
perform this interesting ceremony, but be-
fore it descended, Jean exclaimed, in a loud
voice, "I forbid the bans!" "What you reas-
on the captain, did you not drink my clar-
et?" "Yes, but if you knew you also knew
that I did it according to law. If you had
forbid the bans as I do now, I should not
have touched it." The captain could not re-
press a hearty laugh. At length he an-
swered, "This time I'll let you go, but re-
member, if you ever see your eyes on Miss
Claret again, you shall be wedded to Miss
Ropes in such a style that you'll not forge
the ceremony till your dying day!"
Lynn News.

eral rule, more valuable than any other, if
it be for nothing but the advancement of
event they are the thermometer of a business
place, and often the key which opens the
door to excellent bargains. It is a little
consequence to the farmer to know what is
going on in his market town, the competi-
tions in buying produce, the changes in busi-
ness operations, the settlement of estates,
sales of farms, &c. We venture to say,
there is no man who may not every year
much more than save the pure subscription
to his neighboring newspaper, from its
advertising columns alone; and on this
ground all ought to patronize their own
newspapers. This should be done also
for weightier reasons, one of which we will
name, the maximally weekly sheets of the
cities being furnished at a price such which
no country printer can compete (for the time
being, because made up generally from the
matter once used and paid for in the daily
papers) are reaching largely upon the
country newspapers, thus discouraging im-
provements and gradually bringing the
whole country under the influence, and in
some sense, the control, of the leading cli-
ques in the cities. This a tone is given to
the morals, and politics, and habits of the
country, and we hesitate not to say, that the
preponderance of this influence is bad. The
people of the country get full enough of
the influence through their own papers, &
if they would not tamper the supremacy of
the cities over the moral and political
destiny of the country, let them support the
country newspapers. Take the city papers
if you can afford it, and as many of them as
you please; but first see to it that your own
home paper is a regular visitor to your fire-
side. Support them first and liberally, and
they will hardly fail to support your inter-
ests."

A Kind Act.—How sweet is the remem-
berance of a kind act! As we rest on our
pillow or rise in the morning, it gives us
delight. We have performed a good deed
to a poor man, we have made the widow's
heart rejoice, we have dried the orphan's
tears. Sweet O, how sweet the thought!
There is a luxury in remembering the kind
act. A storm careers about our heads, all
is black as midnight—but the sunshine is
on our bosom—the warmth is felt there—
The kind act rejoiceth the heart, and giveth
delight inexpressible. Who will not be
kind? Who will not be good? Who will
not visit those who are afflicted in body or
mind? To spend an hour among the poor
and depressed.

"Is worth a thousand passed
In pomp or ease—his present in the last."

THE END OF EDUCATION.

child, is to crowd into its infant's elaborate
mount of knowledge, to teach the mecha-
nism of reading and writing, to load the
memory with words; to prepare a boy for
the routine of trade. No wonder, then, that
they think almost every body fit to teach.
The true end of education is to unfold and
direct a man's whole nature. Its office is
to call forth powers of thought, affection,
will, and outward actions; powers to ob-
serve, to reason, to judge, to contrive, pow-
ers to adopt good courses and pursue them
efficiently, power to govern ourselves and
to influence others; power to gain and
spread happiness. Reading is but an in-
strument, education is to teach its best use.
The intellect was created not to receive
passively a few words, dates and facts, but
to be active for the acquisition of truth. Ac-
cordingly, education should inspire a pro-
found love of truth, and to teach the pro-
cess of investigation. A sound logic, by
which we mean the science of art, which
instructs us in the laws of reasoning and
evidence, in the true method of inquiry, and
in the source of false judgment, is an essen-
tial part of true education.—[Channing.]

A HEROINE.—The Indiana Volunteers
all mustered into service of the United
States on Friday. On Saturday, one of
Capt. Walker's company, from Evansville,
lost a handkerchief. On sitting down to
meat he observed it sticking out of the bot-
tom of one of his comrades. He immedi-
ately took hold of it, when, to his surprise,
he discovered that his comrade was a fe-
male. On inquiring into this strange pro-
ceeding, she stated that, being very poor,
and wishing to go to her father, who re-
sided in Texas, she resolved to join one of
the volunteer companies. She afterwards
came to this city, and her fellow soldiers
raised a subscription to carry her to her
father.—[Louisville Journal, July 22.]

TRUTH IN PARABLE.

The beautiful simplicity of Truth and
the irresistible force with which it sweeps
away the refugees of lies, by which men
seek to justify the most gigantic wrongs,
were never more beautifully illustrated
than in the following story from the pen
of Mrs. Follen. Do you dare to call your-
self a Christian while you countenance the
present war against Mexico? Read and
blush!

From the Child's Friend.

THE CRANBERRY PASTURE.

"What is the matter with your eye,
Frank?" said his father, to a stout, frolic-
some-looking boy of about twelve years of
age.

"Only a little bruise, father; nothing of
consequence. But I have had primedus,
this afternoon, and given it pretty well to
the Mexicans!"

"What do you mean?" said his father;
I hope you have not been fighting!"
"I will tell you, father, all about it,"
said Frank; "you will hear of it at any rate.
For Mr. Lucas, the Abolitionist, says he
means to come and tell you the whole
story, and you had better know the truth be-
forehand."

"Well, Frank," said his father, "I hope
you will tell me the whole truth—for this
I know, I shall hear it from Mr. Lucas."

"You see father, we boys some of us went
yesterday afternoon to the Cranberry Pas-
ture, which you know you had a dispute
about with Mr. Brown, and which you took
possession of this spring, by putting a fence
around it. You know that little rock in
it, which you said you ought to have, and
which Mr. Brown, who once owned the
whole, kept it all his life, and that he will not
give it up, and that Mr. Flint cheated him
out of the rest. Well, you see, when we
were up there, and saw how awkward it
looked, we thought we would just put up
stakes round this little rock, just as you had
round the rest of the pasture, and each
your initials on them to see what old Brown
would say and call it ours. And when
August comes we can gather all the cran-
berries for Mr. Flint of whom you had
the pasture, says in fact it ought to be
yours and that he always called it his and
gathered the cranberries if he could, but
that Mr. Brown was obstinate about it, and
would not give it up. While we were put-
ting up the stakes, yesterday, we heard Mr.
Brown's boys, the little darkies or Browns-
sons as we call them, calling out to us to go
off their ground, as they called it, but we
only laughed at them, and said it was our
land and not theirs, and said they were com-
ing on to it, or to touch us, or to move the stakes
which we were putting up. They looked at
us, but kept their distance, and said nothing
but they went off and called the boys from
the next house, their cousins you know, then
we saw all their woolly heads put together
planning what they would do. We came home
soon after we had taken possession, deter-
mining that we should go to-day, in force,
and give them a dressing if they dared to
touch what we had put down. So we all
five went to-day, after school, and there
we found all eight of the Browns on the
ground. All the stakes were pulled up,
and there they were with sticks ready to
fight us if we came on their ground as
they called it. Well, you see, father, there
was nothing for us to do but to defend our-
selves. We could not help fighting, so we
chose John, captain, and called ourselves
the Americans, and the Browns the Mexi-
cans, and then we went at it like good fel-
lows. We got sticks as well as they, but
though there were only five of us and eight
of them, we had the advantage of them, for
we took care to keep ourselves cool and we
dug their blows, and took care to hit
them on their heads, and on their arms, so
as to disable them, but they got mad, and
you know they are rather small, and don't
know how to fight, and then people of their
color are used to being beaten, and at last
they began to run, and then we chased them
to the ditch that runs all round their father's
little farm, and they were so frightened that
only two or three of the strongest of them
stopped to jump over; all the rest tumbled
headlong in, and there we left them, bound
up in the mud. You never saw any-
thing look so funny as they did. Then we
put up our stakes again and came home in
triumph. John was as brave as Julius
Cesar; he fought with two or three of them
at a time. Tom lost one of his teeth in a
fight by a stone, and feels rather foolish,
shown that we are brave fellows, and we
worthy the name of true Americans."

Mr. — heard his son without
interrupting him. At last, when he had
finished, he asked him if he thought he had
done right to these poor colored boys—
Frank did not reply for some time. At last
he said, "Father, I should not think that
you would say that we had done wrong.
You know that you said that you thought
the Americans were right in going into the
Mexican territory and taking possession of
it, and that you were glad that they had
taken Matamoros, and that you thought the
man who illuminated his office at the night
when we heard the news showed his patri-
otism. We were only playing a Mexican
War; those colored boys are cowards just
like the Mexicans, and we ought to be brave
like the Americans. You have often said
that we ought to and would have said that
nook in our cranberry pasture, and that we
should never have any peace with Mr.
Brown till he gave it up. You know that
whenever we went to pick cranberries, we
got into a quarrel with the boys, for it was
very vexatious to hear them say that you
have no right to any of the pasture, for that
it was stolen from them, in short father, I
think you had ought to praise us for what
we have done. We have settled the diffi-
culty forever I guess; for I don't believe
they'll venture to meddle with us any more,
and now you can have the whole field of
it will, for your own, and upon your own
terms."

Frank's father was silent; the most un-
principled men will sometimes shudder
when they see the hateful form of their own
sons in their children. He saw that by tak-
ing possession of the questionable property
he had taught his children to disregard the
rights of others; that by approving of the
Mexican War, he had given his boys a
lesson of injustice, meanness, and cruelty,
and he felt that any censure from him would
have no effect upon his son. He knew
not what to say, and was silent. Presently
Captain John entered with various busi-
ness on his face, and Tom with his handker-
chief to his mouth to hide his loss of a tooth.
They saw their father looked displeased,
and were aware that the afternoon's story
had been related to him.

The mother of the boys who had been
silent during the whole conversation be-
tween Frank and his father, now said—
"Boys as your father is silent, I must
say to you and him what is in my mind,
and what is very painful for me to say, I
think your father was very wrong in prais-
ing such a wicked thing as the War with
Mexico. I think it is vile and vindictive
beyond all words to tell, and I was grieved
to my soul from the first that your father's
political views stood so in the way of his
seeing what was just and noble. You have
fairly acted out the principle of this War,
which is robbery, falsehood, and cruelty—
you have like the American Government,
been guilty of meanness and tyranny and
vice and meanness. You have used your
superior powers to oppress the weak, and
rob those already poor and friendless. I
cannot but hope that your father, when he
sees these principles acted out by his chil-